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Young people from the Oasis Home, Bosnia

The Big Jump

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June 2000

COVER PHOTO BY NEHEMIAH

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LIVE POETS

THE WELL OF FORGOTTEN DREAMS

BY EYVE, WS

(Jesus speaking:)

I have a little secret to share with you, My love;
I'll tell you about a place I've reserved for you above.
I'll take you through a forest and lead you past a stream,
To the secret clearing of the Well of Forgotten Dreams.

When you look into the well, you'll see before your eyes
Colored, whirling mists that sing, dance and harmonize.
I'll invite you then to dip your hand into the well,
To withdraw secret wishes to which you've bid farewell.

The Well of Forgotten Dreams:
There fetch your dreams again;
Complete with the fulfilling of each one.
When I say to you, "Well done,
Enter into joy,"
I'll lead you to the Well of Forgotten Dreams.

No one knows the way to this magic well but I.
You alone can withdraw these gifts to you, My bride.
You may not remember, but I never forgot
Your heart's every desire that you never yet got.

You will wear a smile as I wipe tears from your eyes;
Receiving forgotten dreams that I have beautified.
My pleasure is to love you; I'll return everything
That you gave up for Me, in the Well of Forgotten Dreams.

GRAPHIC DESIGN
BY STEVE, 15, JAPAN



On Africa's Trail

JANE, HEAVEN, SUNNY, CLARA, FANNY, AND ANGELA IN THE CANOE ON THE RIVER. IT WAS SO WOBBLY—THEY ALMOST TIPPED OVER A FEW TIMES!



MICHAEL ON A DONKEY IN SINTET



JOE WITH A LOCAL BABY IN FRONT OF A LOCAL HOUSE



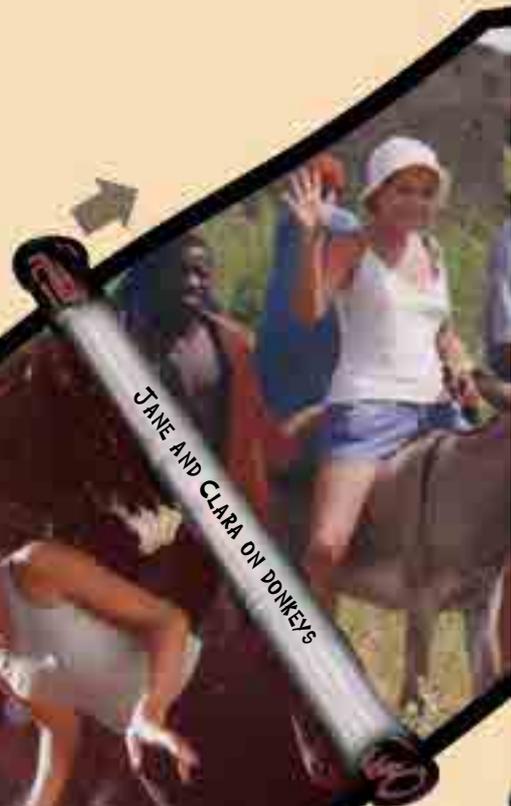
JOE HELPING TO PLANT BANANA TREES



START

*Photo collage of
Family Care Gambia
and their trips to
Sintet, a small
village up river from
Banjul, Gambia.*





JANE AND CLARA ON DONKEYS



JANE AND SUNNY PARTICIPATE IN THE LOCAL DANCING

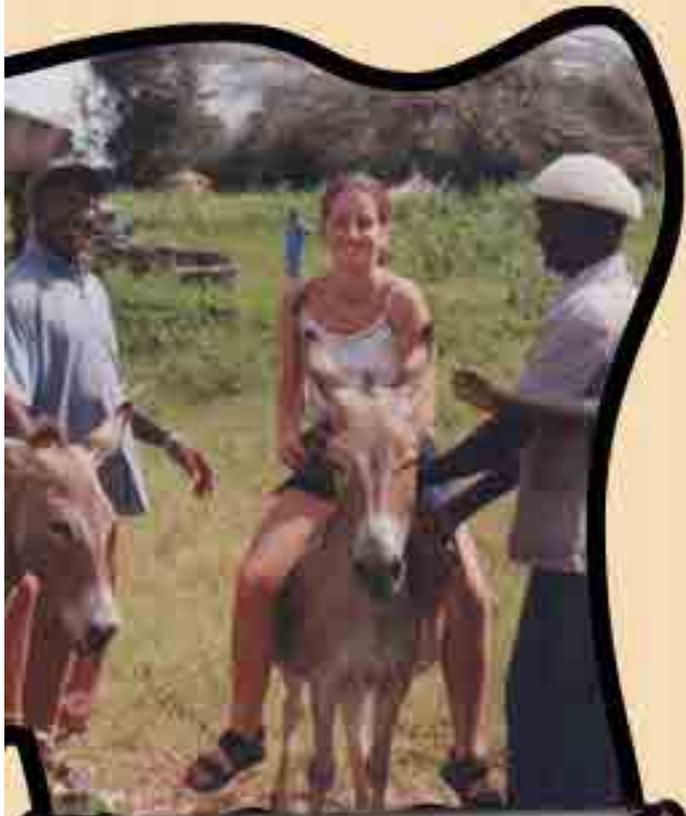


JOE AND DAN HELPING TO MAKE MUD BRICKS TO BUILD THE SCHOOL



GAMBIA:

A country of western Africa on the Atlantic Ocean. It was a British protectorate after 1894 and became independent in 1965. Total population: 1,248,085. Banjul is the capital and the largest city and has a population of 696,000.



BY A 500-YEAR-OLD TREE ON THE WAY TO SINTET



EVERYONE ON AN ANTHILL



ANGELA, SUNNY, FANNY, AND HEAVEN CHILLING OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF A VERY HOT DAY



For more details about the work in Gambia see "My African Safari" (FZ #40).



FINISH



THE GREATEST height



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DEAD MEN TALKING

DMT received these messages after our Home watched *Into Thin Air*—a dramatization based on the book by the same name by Jon Krakauer. The movie tells the story of the now infamous events on Everest during the spring of 1996, when two world-class mountaineers, Scott Fisher and Rob Hall, led rival commercial expedition teams to Mount Everest. Their teams were basically a “pay and we’ll get you to the top” type situation, resulting in well-off but often inexperienced climbers signing up for the chance in a lifetime to be guided to the top of the world’s highest mountain by some of the best climbers in the world. However, there was a freak storm, and within a 24-hour period, eight or nine climbers, including the team leaders Fisher and Hall,

considered among the best in the world, were dead, more climbers than have ever died in such a short period to date.

This happened shortly after I arrived in Nepal, and because we were all here when it happened, we heard a lot about the situation, firsthand even. Many of our friends in the tourism business were personal friends, acquaintances and/or business partners with those who died, making it a very personal matter for many. Here are

the prophecies I received from Mal Duff (a climber who died in another incident) and Rob Hall:

(Mal Duff speaking:) I have just one thing to say: Pride doesn’t pay. I know. I’ve stood on the summit of Everest, not once but three times, and I know what I’m talking about. Yeah, you do it for the challenge and the thrill, but after your youthful ambitions are over, you do it for the glory, and it isn’t worth it. You are no fool to give what you cannot keep to gain what you’ll never lose. It’s far, far more important to live for faith and be making a difference than to go down in the annals of man’s history books as one who achieved his own personal goals but never made a difference in the life of another. I could’ve done so much more.

Looking back now, looking at you children of David here in a country that I've been in and loved; that we've all loved ["all" referring to the mountaineers], among the people we loved, the gentle strong Nepali Sherpas, I am moved to tears. I'm moved with admiration for all you have done to reach these people and bring them God's love, to let them know that God and His Son Jesus love them in the practical, tangible way that you have, with all your CTPs and all. Isn't that what you call them?

I've been watching, and I'm impressed. With so few resources and such little manpower, you've made a far greater impression on this country and a far greater stand for truth, you've shone such a light with your love, more than all of us who've gone before; just to use the country for our own glory or even just to enjoy it, thinking that we were maybe doing our little bit to increase awareness of the culture. You've done so much more, so much more. ... What you've done will never be wasted, never fade away. Don't let the Devil tell you that the little you all do is of no value. It's not little; it's vast, and it will have eternal ramifications. So don't ever give up. In God's book, you're the heroes.

Us up Here, us old climbers, who gave up our lives for a cheap thrill, well, we're not as hot as we thought we were. In God's eyes and in the eyes of those up Here, we're really small fry, and you're the ones we all take our hats off to and are trying to help. So keep it up, don't ever give up. *(End of message.)*

(Rob Hall speaking:) I appreciate your taking the time to listen; I know it's hard for you to do and I know you're tired [I received this in the wee hours of the morning], but we appreciate getting this chance to speak.—I know Mal does. We don't get to often, and I guess your watching this movie put you on an open channel or something, whatever they call it. And that compulsion to read that book too; it was all part of the plan to make you more open to hear from us. At least that's what Mal's been telling me. He knows a bit more about it than

I do, because, you see, I'm not really in Heaven yet. That movie paints a pretty rosy picture of me. It adds to the good-guy image you all always thought I had, because of my wife and kid. But I had some unresolved sin in my life. In my race to embrace Buddhism and all this neo-culture, I lost something. I know I appeared to be a good guy, but inwardly I'd lost something that was hard to regain. I'm not very good at this. I don't know how to speak and say what I want to say, but basically up there on the mountain you have to embrace something and I had reasons in my past as to why I'd refused to accept God. I wanted to be the master of my own fate. I didn't want to choose the path God had chosen for my life.

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So I chose my own way. And in doing that, I embraced rebellion against God, 'cause you have to serve somebody; and you know that Buddhism is just a religion of self, masked in good deeds. You are god, therefore anything you say and feel is right. Inherently, that's what it leads to. So you have to watch out that all this freedom doesn't lead you away from the plan God has for your life. Woe to the "free thinkers." When it's all over you realize you weren't as free as you thought you were—you were serving somebody. Maybe you didn't realize it was the dark side, that the Devil was using your beliefs, but you see that over Here: that your thought patterns, when they embrace self, are used by the Enemy to destroy. But I'm thankful that God still loved me, enough to take me from this earth to teach me. I'm not Home yet, and I still have a lot to learn, so please pray that I can learn it, because I'd like to be a help to others in my shoes, who've been led down the same path of freedom and head trips that I've been. So pray for me, will you? Thanks, I appreciate it. I love you. Thanks for listening. You're great, and what you're doing for Nepal, it's great, all of you, I love and admire each one. Watching you is part of my learning. Mal takes me along to watch you witnessing to these guys sometimes, and I'm telling you, it's an experience. I wish I'd had people as dedicated as you witness to me. Not like I know if it would have changed me; I was a pretty hard man, and very set in my ways. I guess this is what I needed, the shock treatment. To see God and His love face to face and realize that it was all so very real, no matter how hard I'd tried to block it out and believe in my self. I've gotta go now. Signing off.

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Don Quixote Goes to Africa

NOW AVAILABLE IN ZINES EVERYWHERE

Starring:

SIMON PETERSON AS DON QUIXOTE

PETER PICTURE AS SANCHO PANZA

ESTHER PICTURE AS THE LADY DULCINEA

Don: Sancho, Sancho, today the grass is greener, the sky bluer. Heaven has opened, earth has receded. I feel like it is my coronation day! I am born again!!! *Swinging Sancho about.*

Sancho: What happened, master, did you win a free hamburger dinner?

Don: No, Sancho, something much, much more wonderful. I just received a flash of glorious supernatural revelation from my spirit helpers—St. Catherine, St. Margaret, St. Michael, and St. Mocumba.

Sancho: What did they say to you, master? I hope not another quest.

Don: Yes, Sancho! Exactly! A quest! They have called me to go to the Dark Continent. We must sally forth to break the chains of heathen idolatry that have enslaved the land in pagan wickedness.

Sancho: Does that mean we are going to Hollywood?

Don: No, Sancho, not that dark. We are called to go to Africa. Pack our baggage and get Rosenante and your donkey ready.

Sancho: How are we going to get the horse and the donkey on the plane, master?

Don: Don't worry about such minor insignificant details! Have you not heard of carry-on baggage?

Sancho: But, master, I don't think they will accept that.

Don: Nonsense, Sancho, remember I have friends in high places. God is always ready to assist us in our great mission to right every wrong, to climb every mountain. *Sings "Climb Every Mountain."*

Sancho: But, I have never been to Africa before. Do they have "goatburgers" there? I heard so many people are starving there. Maybe there will not be enough food for my donkey, for me, or for you, and your horse eats so much too.

Don: Come now Sancho, you must speak faith. Why in Africa there is a great abundance of sustenance. One must only tickle mother earth with a hoe and she will open wide her bounty. If you will but only till and nurture her, there shall spring forth from her a veritable Garden of Eden.

Sancho: But no snakes I hope.

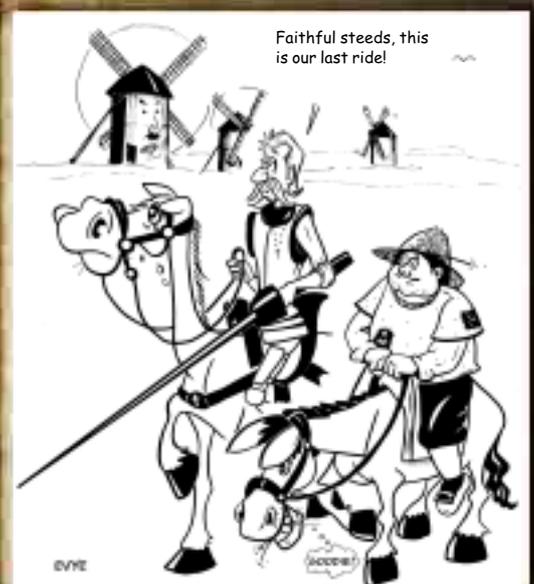
Don: There are snakes in Africa, Sancho, numerous and venomous snakes.

Sancho: I'm not feeling so good. Why don't you go there first and I'll come in a few months when I'm feeling better.

Don: Do not quiver at danger, Sancho! No, never! A knight errant loves to stare death right between the eyes and laugh until he feels like crying!

Sancho cries.

Don: That's better! As I was saying, there are even bananas growing on the side of the road. The fruit trees wave their bounty in the breeze, waiting in expectancy for the happy natives dressed only in grass skirts to wander by and pluck their dainties. Those content primitive people live on a rich diet of magnificent mangoes, gigantic jackfruit, pleasurable passion fruit, great guavas, perfect papayas,



and...

Sancho: And ice cream?

Don: Yes, and ice cream.

Sancho: And strawberry ice cream.

Don: Yes, Sancho, and strawberry ice cream.

Sancho: What about pistachio? I love pistachio ice cream. I don't know if I could live somewhere there is no pistachio ice cream.

Don: Now, stop worrying about your stomach Sancho. Knights have more important things to worry about.

Sancho: Really? Like...

Don: Like souls, Sancho, the souls of men and women doomed to die in a dark, dank deadness in outer darkness—a place where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth, and the fire is not quenched.

Sancho: Ohhh! That sounds bad!

Don: It is Sancho! We must rescue them before it is too late.

Sancho: Too late for dinner?

Don: Would you stop worrying about food and the futile temporal cares of this life and instead focus on our glorious mission at hand.

Sancho: Focus ... focus ... I'm sorry, master, it's just that ... It's just that...

Don: Well? Spit it out, Sancho.

Sancho: I'm afraid of the disease, the poverty, the robbers, the smoldering civil unrest. We could be kidnapped and held hostage and then who would pay our ransom? And even if we weren't kidnapped, we might be riding on our horse one day and we might get lost, and the roads are so muddy that we might get bogged down in a swamp and then the mosquitoes would breed in that stagnant water and spread all kinds of disease, and then we would get very skinny because we couldn't eat anymore and ... I would miss my mommy.

Don: There, there, Sancho. It will be alright, you will see. You will make many new friends in Africa. Fellow pilgrims of like passion, comrades-in-arms who love not their lives to the death, who are brave enough to stop the mouths of lions, quench the violence of fire, escape the edge of the sword, wax valiant in fight; those who have turned to flight the armies of the aliens.

Sancho: That is very good! I think I will go after all.

Don: Good! Now we need the tickets.

Sancho: Uhh ... master, how are we going to get the tickets to fly there?

Don: Don't worry about such trifles. The Lord has promised to supply all of our needs according to His riches in glory. He has never failed us yet. Just go down to the ticket office and just ... buy the tickets and come back here.

Sancho: Yes, master, I'll try. *Exits quickly then returns.* But it might be impossible.

Don: Remember, Sancho, impossible is only found in the dictionary of fools.

Sancho: Yes, sire, and a fool and his money are soon parted.

Don: Wonderful proverb, Sancho! Now be off at once.

Sancho exits and soon re-enters excitedly waving the tickets in the air.

Sancho: I did it, master! I got our tickets.

Don: Good job Sancho. Tell me, how did you do it?

Sancho: I don't think you are going to like this but I...

Don: Yes, go on...

Sancho: Please don't be angry with me. I had to sell my donkey and Rosenante to a children's petting zoo.

Don: You did what? How could you commit such a treacherous deed to sell our steeds?

Sancho: Master, in earnest, I don't think we could have taken the horse and donkey on as hand luggage.

Don: Perhaps you are right. Our faithful mounts might not get the

STUFF





adequate care and good grain that they deserve in a flying machine. I knew I could count on you to come through for us. Let's be off then! Our destiny awaits us.

They exit and prepare to board their plane. They are carrying a bag each and are going through the metal detector:

Don: Good evening, fair damsel. Do I know thee? You look rather familiar.

Customs: Please, sir, don't try that line on me. You will have to take off that armor, helmet, and especially that sword.

Don: But I must have them to defend us from the onslaughts of giants, ogres, dwarves, and perverse evilness.

Customs: I'm sorry, sir, but no deadly weapons are allowed on the plane.

He surrenders them unwillingly.

Don: Sancho, we must be very keen on this mission and on guard. Without our weapons we will be helpless against the wiles of the Enemy, our fiendish foes, the vile villains...

Sancho: You mean the bad guys?

Don: Yes, Sancho.

Sancho: But there is one thing we do have that's even better.

Don: Why what is that?

Sancho: Remember we have the New Weapons

Don: Ohh, of course I almost forgot. Let me check if you brought them. *Checks under his coat.* Loving Jesus, Praise time, and hearing from the Lord. What a relief, now I feel much better.

Sancho: Master, I just got a check that I should go back and witness to that customs officer.

Don: Good for you, Sancho. I'll wait here and guard our baggage from any miscreants.

Sancho walks off to the lady.

Sancho: Excuse me...Ms...?

Customs: Ms. Dolly C. Nea.

Sancho: Dulcinea?

Customs: And dressed like you both are, you must be Sancho? What are you doing here?

Sancho: We are on our way to Africa on a glorious quest to right every wrong and all that usual sort of thing. Do you want to come?

Customs: Quest? I love quests. I have one free ticket due to me for working at the airport. I can use that. Let's go.

Sancho: Great! Let's find the Don and we can be off. Master! Master! You will never guess who the customs officer is?

Don: Could it be?

Customs: Yes, it is I, Dolly C. Nea, come to join you in your quest.

Don: Great floods of fortune! I knew God would unite the course of our stars to intertwine again. How wonderful! Well, let us be off. Africa awaits us to make our mark in the sands of time. Let us follow our course, onwards we go. Though we encounter much difficulty, our stout-hearted faith will help us on. We have been granted a great quest, we must give all to complete its plan. We will surmount all obstacles that obstruct our way. I know that together we will be able to ... climb every mountain, ford every stream, follow every rainbow till we find our dreams!

The Shepherd Chief and I

The Great Father is a Shepherd Chief. I am His, and with Him, I want not.

He throws out a rope to me and the name of that rope is love, and He draws me to where the grass is green and the water is not dangerous.

Sometimes my heart is weak, and falls down, but He lifts it up again and draws me into a good road.

Sometime—it may be very soon, it may be longer, it may be a long, long time—He will draw me to a place between the mountains. There the Shepherd Chief will meet me, and the hunger I have felt in my heart all through this life will be satisfied.

Sometimes He makes the rope into a whip, but afterwards He gives me a staff to lean on.

He spreads a table before me with all kinds of food. He puts His hand on my head and all the “tired” is gone. My cup He fills ’til it runs over.

What I tell you is true. I lie not. The roads that are far away ahead will stay with me through this life, and afterwards I will go to live in the Big Teepee, and sit down with the Shepherd Chief forever.

—An American Indian version of Psalm 23



Pictures with numbers have corresponding captions.



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4



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6



7



THE BIG JUMP

From Barz (of Sara), South Africa

The call for our large family to leave Portugal came two years ago; even when I traveled to South Africa and Mozambique on an exploratory trip, it was difficult to see it becoming reality. The whole process has been filled with anticipation and uncertainty—anticipation because I’ve seen the Lord opening doors and doing great things that only He can do, and a touch of uncertainty as to what the future might hold for our large family in Africa.

We spent the weeks before our departure provisioning CTP stuff, then picked it up and packed it all, and closed up our Home. We also provisioned a 20-foot container for half the price, so we could bring our personal belongings and all the various CTP stuff.

When we booked our tickets, we asked the travel agent to try and arrange for us to get our overweight luggage on the plane. He tried to get 50 kilos per person, but could only get 40, and finally when we paid for our tickets he told us that the most he could get us was 30 kilos per person. We went through our luggage and repacked it in order to be able to take the heaviest stuff

as hand luggage with us on the plane. In the end, the people at the check-in rounded the figure to 500 kilos for all ten of us—50 kilos per person.

We boarded the plane in Oporto, Portugal, hoping to arrive safely at our next destination: Johannesburg, South Africa. We should have only needed to change planes once, but our first flight was canceled resulting in an added transfer. We then flew from Oporto to Lisbon, where we had to wait for four hours, and then from Lisbon to Madrid, where we waited another four hours, and then from Madrid we flew to Johannesburg. Our whole trip was like a circus act. Every time we changed flights, you could see a crowd of children followed by two frantic adults, and a fairly calm YA carrying the mountain of hand luggage. It was quite a feat to get it all appearing organized so we wouldn’t let on that the whole operation was totally out of our control! Ha!

After a long flight we arrived in Johannesburg. Eight thousand kilometers were now separating us from our previous Home, which was a little scary, but thrilling at the same time! We weren’t sure what to expect when coming into the country, but thank the Lord, it wasn’t that bad, and we were given the necessary visas for our stay in the country.

Dear David, and his eldest son, Steven, were waiting with their van and a rented luggage trailer ready to load all our stuff and take us to our

(Note: A big “thank you” to John, Angeles and team who came and took care of all the loose ends for us. God bless you! Your names are in lights!)

next destination. It was another five hours before we arrived at our temporary landing place—a nice, cozy motel flat, situated in the mountains, where you can see all kinds of birds and even an occasional monkey.

Finding our house was a miracle as well. When David and Maria first came and started looking at houses, they saw one they liked. However, it was for sale, and if we rented it we'd have to move out as soon as it was sold. At that time somebody was already looking into buying it. So David and Maria kept looking around for other openings. When we arrived they took us to see several possibilities and we passed by that particular house, and it was still vacant. We went to see the real estate agent again and sure enough it hadn't been bought. After some negotiations, the Lord helped us get it for a very reasonable rent. It's a five-bedroom house, with two bathrooms, a study, and a beautiful garden with a swimming pool. It's also in a quiet neighborhood.

After a nice chat with him he agreed to help our Home with slightly damaged goods from his store once a week—milk powder, flour, rice, canned foods, cleaning stuff, etc.

When we arrived, Phoebe (of Andrew) wanted to pass on a contact to us. However, she couldn't remember exactly where it was or the person's name, so she made a map as best as she could. We made a few attempts to follow the map and find this contact, but we couldn't find him. Then, one day Emanuel and I went to town and we prayed that the Lord would guide us to this contact, since we desperately needed some survival food. We went to a shop that sells the same kind of goods, but it wasn't the place Phoebe had told us about. So we asked him if he knew anyone else that is in the same line of business, and he gave us general directions to another store. Off we went again, praying and praising the Lord. We found the shop, but the owner wasn't there. We weren't sure what to do. When a man passed by our car, Emanuel said, "Ask him if he's the owner." I did, and sure enough he was the man.

We also recently made a trip into Mozambique both to renew our visas and to bring clothes, shoes and schoolbooks to the children at an institution in Maputo. It's so wonderful to be on the mission field, and we've settled in nicely.

I'll end this for now, but it doesn't mean the story is over. I just have a feeling that many more events worth talking about will yet take place, so stay tuned!



CAPTIONS

- 1) Some of the stuff that went in the container.
- 2) Boxer shorts for Africa.
- 3) Some of us and our luggage.
- 4) Getting ready for the trip.
- 5) A little relaxing.
- 6) A first for Allan.
- 7) Container arrival at our house.
- 8) Rolling down the cable.
- 9) Snack time on the way to Barberton.
- 10) Getting ready for the trip.

DREAMS

Kyla, Heaven's helper From Sharon, ME

I wanted to send in a little prophecy that I received about one of the Lord's spirit helpers that He is sending down. I thought it might inspire others as it did me, so here it is:

(Jesus speaking:)
Kyla My sweet and sexy, bold and courageous warrior, defender

of the faith. She is a new creation of God, trained and equipped with the new and modern weapons of warfare. She has been specifically created and trained to help you in this time of the End.

She is also a whisperer who carries My messages of love, strength, encouragement, and comfort to re-envision, inspire and strengthen the weak and the weary. To raise them up to continue their fight against the Enemy, to not give up, to continue to fight by My side. To pick up the weak and weary hearted, to help raise their arms and give them the courage to stand up and fight again. She is sent in answer to prayer. So call on her, My love! *(End of prophecy.)*

Face of an Inca From Praise Italian, Ukraine

In 1982-1983, I was living in Peru. One of our neighbors, a young girl, would sometimes visit us and bring along souvenirs from an old Inca cemetery nearby. One of them was an old ivory necklace, which she gave me and I wore a few times. One night I forgot to take it off before going to sleep. Everything seemed quite normal till I suddenly woke up in the night. I was rooming with a single brother and our room was quite dark, though we kept the door cracked open for the hallway light to get in. I was lying on my bed, just woken up from a sound sleep, and there, standing by the door, was this very handsome-looking Inca chief. He was wearing a colorful feather headdress and had his arms crossed, staring at me. As cute as he was, my first reaction was to rebuke him in Jesus' name, and POOF! He disappeared.

I knew his appearance was linked to the necklace, as Dad had mentioned in different Letters how certain objects can carry hitchhiking spirits. I had also had other similar experiences more on the spooky side, though whenever this girl would bring things from this Inca cemetery.

I felt that this handsome chief was not a bad spirit, but had come to plead for help, so I prayed for him. A few days later the Book of The Month (an old Family pub) came out and there was a testimony from Faithy and Juan about how different folks at MCV (which was located near our town) were being visited by Indian spirits, asking them to pray for them.

It seems that in this little old Inca pueblo (village), human sacrifices had been a common practice and many had lost their lives in cruel pagan rites. Isn't it amazing how the Lord in His mercy allowed them another chance to be set free through our prayers?

& WONDERS

ZineToons
Charter Chat
Point TWO...
 By David Komic

We interrupt this comic to bring you the "Charter Chat" **Reader Feedback** thing.

We were just thinking that if you drew the 'Uncle' kind of more, like 'Kewl-Friendly' he might be a more **RELATABLE** role model for us young people.

Hmm, You're **RIGHT**. He **DOES** look kind of **GOOFY**.

ERASE! **ERASE!**
DRAW! **DRAW!**

Is this better?

Oh **YES!** That's **MUCH MORE LIKE IT!**

To **FIND OUT EXACTLY** what **MINIMIZE** ACTUALLY means, let's go to the **DRESS-UP CLOSET**, courtesy of **B.B. CLOSET RENTALS**. (run by **BUNNY BIG DISCOUNT** — an **EXCELLENT RENTAL RABBIT!**)

Here we **GO!!**

I'm a Sports Car Driver!

And I'm a Highway Patrol Motorcycle Policeman!

UH OH! THAT SPORTS CAR DRIVER IS DRIVING...

DANGEROUSLY FAST!!

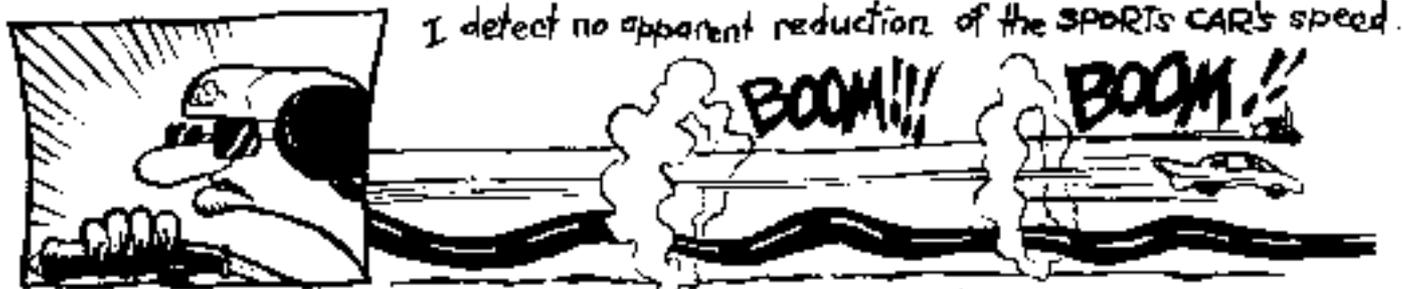
WEEWAHWW

I PURSUE...

SIR? YOU'RE DRIVING AT 190 KPH PLUS!!!

POLICE

IF YOU COULD GO AHEAD AND MINIMIZE YOUR SPEED THAT WOULD JUST BE GREAT.



I detect no apparent reduction of the SPORTS CAR's speed.



I use the more direct approach



He stops INSTANTLY.



I take a little longer...



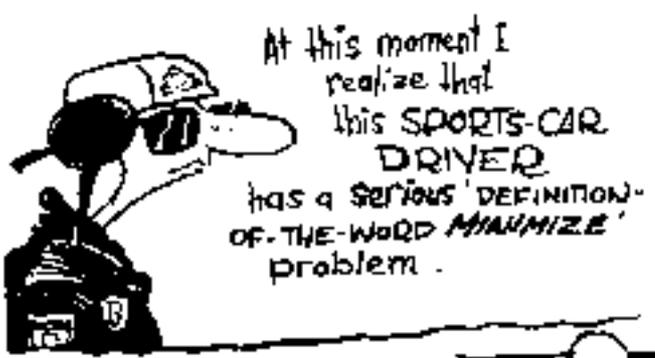
2 days later I get back from Thailand.

WHY didn't you MINIMIZE when I told you to MINI-MIMIZE??



I... I DID! I minimized my speed from 190 kph down to 189.5 kph.

You didn't notice?!?



At this moment I realize that this SPORTS-CAR DRIVER has a SERIOUS 'DEFINITION-OF-THE-WORD MINIMIZE' problem.



This is not going to be easy.

I CALL FOR BACKUP.



Make that RE-INFORCEMENTS!



I CALL IN BUNNY BIG-CHARTER CHAMP



AN EXCELLENT "Minimize" Definer

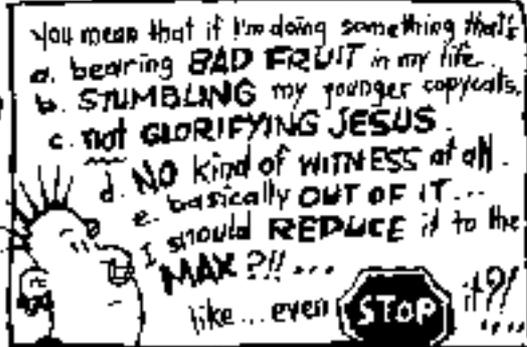
Let's check out the ACTUAL World Book Dictionary.

minimize (min'a miz), v.t., 1 to reduce to the least possible amount or degree.



GASP! AMATEUR!

Reduce To The Least Possible?! I had NO IDEA!



You mean that if I'm doing something that's
 a. bearing **BAD FRUIT** in my life.
 b. **STUMBLING** my younger copycats.
 c. not **GLORIFYING JESUS**.
 d. **NO** kind of **WITNESS** at all.
 e. basically **OUT OF IT**...
 I should **REDUCE** it to the **MAX**?!!...
 like... even **STOP** it?!



ANSWER: AFFIRMATIVE
 ANSWER #2: Roger that, Zine Reader

"NOW" it's all SO CLEAR NOW!!
 Why didn't anyone tell me BEFORE?
 "NOW" I'm starting to get it right etc. etc.